

OKLAHOMATODAY

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VERSIMMONS

The fields
are filled with the desire of bees
and reeds and roots that move to waters
and the sounds
of rain – bell bronze, fields sing bright stalks
of grain like tongues at Pentecost.

The sumac
is the first to turn when air
burns amber as a tortoise shell
and then,
to the October ides, this fruit
that's kinder for the frost – pale fruit
and mellow frost and dry, gold day

our mouths
are filled with sun and sleepiness.

– Katharine Privett





GRAND NATIONAL QUAIL HUNT

BY
PEGGY WEEMS



What's a nice girl like me doing at the Grand National Quail Hunt? It sounded like fun! I was not aware that Wild Turkey Hunters leave their roosts at 3:30 a.m. so as to arrive at their destination points before the Wild Turkeys leave their roosts. *Everything* at the Grand National starts early.

Enid is headquarters for the Big Bird Bash. It is a contest of celebrities versus celebrities. The superbowl of Red Carpet Country hospitality, and outdoor fun and games. Oklahoma has long been recognized as one of the top quail hunting states and few thrills equal the explosive rise of a covey of Bobwhite quail. To bag one of these super fast flying birds requires quick reflexes and a sharp eye.

Quail usually travel less than 300 yards a day. They feed *early*, and again late in the afternoon, roosting on the ground close to their feeding areas. Quail eat acorns, wild mulberries, blackberries, leaves of some plants growing close to the ground, weed seeds, small grain and various bugs. They get much of their liquids from dew.

During the middle of the day the quail stop feeding, coinciding nicely with the hunters' lunch break. The hunters who compete in the Grand National are invited by the Governor, who also captains the Oklahoma Team. Approximately 20 new shooters are invited each year. All hunting is done on private land owned by members of the Grand National Club. Contestants hunt in groups of 2-4, escorted by members of the Grand National Quail Club, which also provides all dogs.

Some have even referred to the Grand National Quail Hunt as the

Grand National Endurance Test. (Change "some" to "yours truly.") It starts with Registration on Wednesday then a Reception at Groendykes Lodge. Thursday morning breakfast is served at 7:00 a.m.—not 7:05! Nine to five everyone is in the field. Back in time to dress for another Reception, Dinner, and New Shooters' Initiation.

Friday morning breakfast is served at 5:30 a.m. New Shooters traditionally hunt Canada Geese at the Great Salt Plains and the Past Shooters hunt Wild Turkey. That afternoon the Enid Gun Club is open for Shooters to try their luck at Skeet and Trap. Friday evening is the Grand National Stag Dinner and Induction. Saturday breakfast is at 7:00 a.m. Hunting in the Championship Flights nine to five p.m., scores tabulated, and the Victory Banquet and Awards program scheduled for 7:30 p.m.

Sunday the Shooters depart Enid. Club members spend more than \$20,000 each year and donate many thousands of hours to the preparation and hosting of the Grand National Quail Hunt. They enjoy the sportsmanship and showing off some of the best quail hunting in the world. They also enjoy persuading the guests to invest in Oklahoma oil, industry, cattle, real estate, and banks.

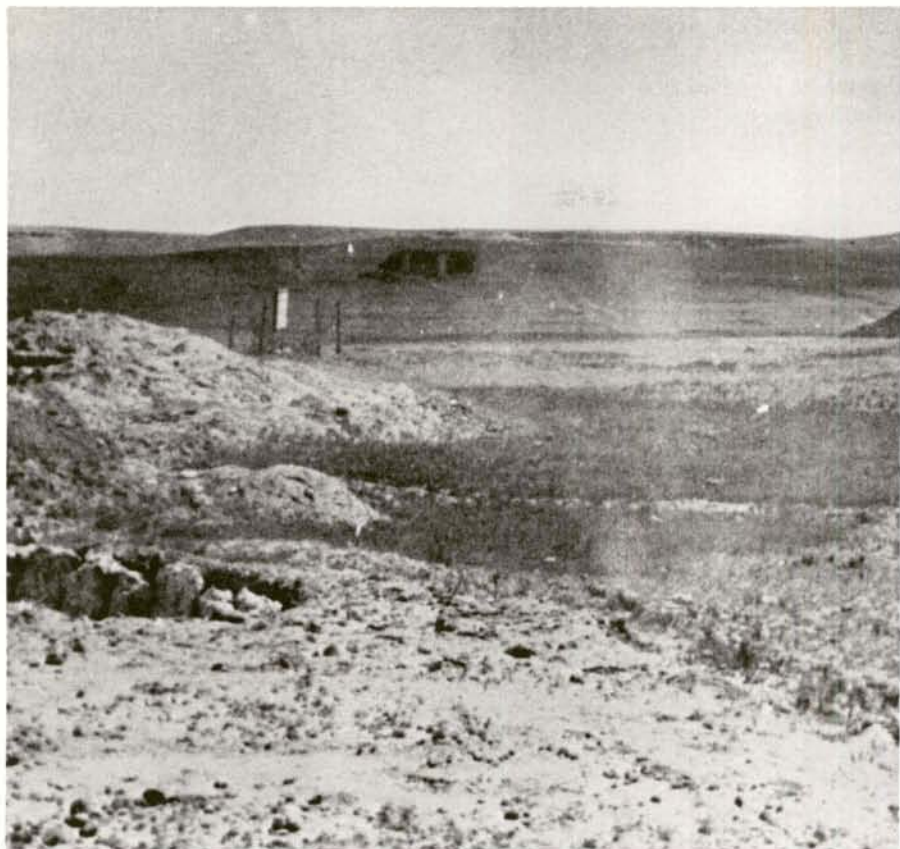
Club membership is around 200, who pay sizeable dues and do the work. I help promote, register, and write hunting licenses. I don't have to pay dues. That's not too shabby for a girl who enjoys the Red Carpet Bird Bash hospitality once a year!



Uncle Billy Baker

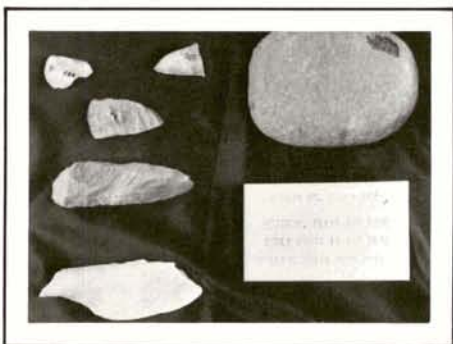
BENEATH OPTIMA EARTH

BY MARTIN WIESENDANGER



Countryside near Optima: beneath which lie buried the remains of extensive, pre-historic human culture.

Pottery sherds, flint, stone, and bone: tools found among ancient dwelling ruins beneath Optima earth.



We first examined the buried living complex under and around Optima in 1948. Students from my University of Tulsa classes, with the inspirational guidance of "Uncle Billy Baker," photographed pithouse remnants on the Stamper ranch.

Former Cimarron County agricultural agent "Uncle Billy" was absolute dean of Panhandle archaeology. His residence in Boise City was a living museum which overflowed on lawn and driveway. He was a Remington figure, over six feet tall, wearing his Stetson like a Westerner. Great white mustaches jutted out over a massive chin.

He was gentle and kind, impatient with fraud, erudite, and thoroughly informed in his field. His remarkable collection is now in the No Man's Land Museum at Panhandle A. & M., in Goodwell, administered by a fine curator team, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Kachel.

The area which, prior to territorial days, was called the Public Land Strip, west of the Cherokee outlet, is a land which looks monotonous from the highway, but reveals itself, shyly

like a modest beauty, as one leaves the highway. Mesas and lovely hidden valleys are covered with stiff spined yucca and buffalo grass, varied with the ever-fresh greenness of sage. Along the Beaver River vales of rare solitary beauty lie like jewels against the distant escarpments. The prairie curlew and the sandpiper flourish here, and the splendor of Western Oklahoma envelopes one like a gentle mantle.

Into this area in 1886, in a covered wagon from Missouri, came Charles Stamper. He established a six hundred acre ranch on the Beaver adjacent to present day Optima. Optima, latitude 36°45', longitude 101°21', altitude 3020 feet, population 103, covers an archaeological complex which coils beneath it like a huge serpent. It has been exposed at two sites.

One is the Stamper site, excavated in 1933-34 by Oklahoma University. On the north end of the figurative serpent is the Two Sisters site, uncovered in 1972. These sites, with others such as the Turpin site in the Antelope focus and the Gate site, are dated tentatively from the thirteenth

to the sixteenth century. On the Stamper ranch twelve single unit pit-houses, kiva style, half underground and half aboveground, have been uncovered. Their foundations are of caliche slab. Immaculately finished floors contain fire pits. In the adobe and stick roofs were smoke openings. The walls were either of clay and sapling construction or caliche adobe structure. There were igloo-like entryways, serving as weather and snow guards, and as an impediment to the entry of predatory animals.

These houses were random shelter as there was no townsite or ceremonial center. From the evidence we can gather it appears that these people were loosely banded together, a semi-hunting and agricultural society. They made exquisite coil baskets. They had the spindle whorls of an early cotton-weaving culture.

Their unpainted globular pottery is cord paddle marked, and seems to be brush and dung fired with the consequent black to tan colors. On a fragment embellished with loops, for hanging, there is some edge decoration made with fingernail pressure.

OPTIMA

The earlike loops indicate that these were meant to be suspended jars, serving either for water cooling, or for rodent proof grain storage. The ware indicates superb skill in ceramics. It is tempered with one part quartz powder to three parts of clay. Aesthetically, the lack of effigy shapes and paucity of decoration would seem to indicate a people who had little leisure time and lived a hard-bitten existence. Bone awls, hammerstones, mortars and metates were found. Painted pottery fragments from further southwest, as well as turquoise, indicate trade with the Pueblo peoples. A copious supply of projectile points show bow and arrow use.

The ethnological name for these people is *Anasazi*, Navajo for "Outsider from Old." *Anasazi* tradition can be divided into two epochs: the early basket makers and Pueblo dwellers made their first appearance at perhaps 50 B.C. At about 700 A.D. dramatic culture advances took place. Bows and arrows appeared and cotton raising and spinning began.

700 A. D. also produced the transition to Pueblo building techniques. After the earlier pithouse, Pueblo *Anasazi* built on the surface with stone and caliche blocks. Underground structures were for ceremonial purposes.

From 900-1000 A.D. the Pueblo people constructed their great multiple dwellings. From 1100 to 1300 A.D. the largest Pueblos arose. Prior to 1300 A.D. the *Anasazi* began to leave their homes, perhaps due to the great drought of 1276 to 1299 A.D., documented by dendrochronology, or perhaps due to the influx of Shoshonian hunters. The Optima and the Two Sisters people could have been migrating *Anasazis*. The Two Sisters site, approximate date 1500 A.D., at the end of the Optima focus, yielded definite data on floor plans and floor construction with storage bins. Underground construction is of caliche slab.

Caliche is a calcium carbonate intrusion made by water interaction on calcium, sodium or potassium salts, forming white crystalline blocks. It

was utilized as building material because it was abundant nearby, and easy to shape. Stone, bone, and antler tools were found at the site, as well as fine chipped flint knives. Drills, scrapers, and single-ended needles, as well as flaking tools, were excavated. The type of flint found indicated the famous Amarillo quarries. Obsidian was obtained from the Capulin volcano.

The type of pottery from the Optima site is referred to as globular. It varies from a squat, roundish shape with flaring lip, to a taller, proportioned shape with a straight cylindrical neck. Vincent Dale, an extraordinarily resourceful archaeologist, supplied me with slides of the Two Sisters site. Through personal research, he learned the secret of the tempering of the Optima focus pottery.

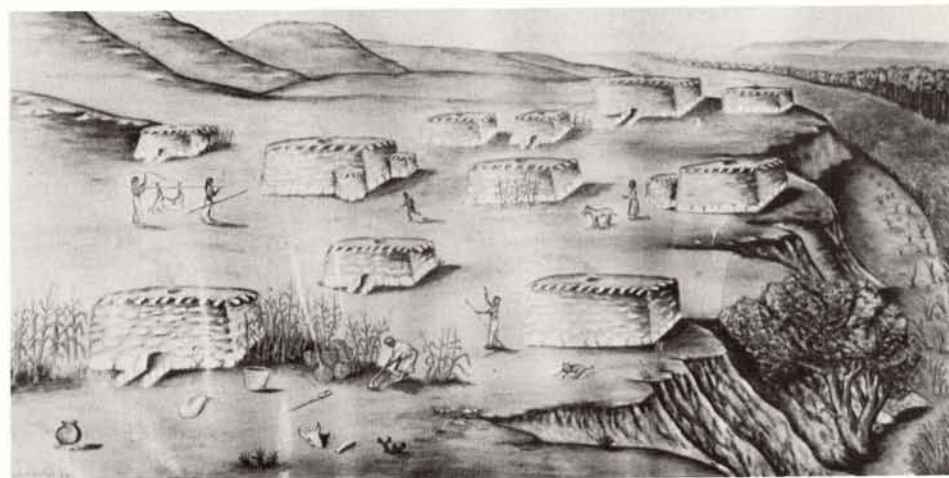
In order to keep clay vessels from shrinking and cracking during firing,

the Stamper site people added crushed quartz mica and scoria to the clay. Stamper site pots from the Kachel collection, now being studied by Vincent Dale, are large utility vessels, some with ears for suspension. One concludes that the Optima people were good ceramists, architects, and toolmakers, as well as hunters, agriculturists, and textile producers. Their environment was harsh. Of luxuries there were none.

Credits: For Stamper material and information I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Zellner Glenn of Guymon, and to Dr. and Mrs. Harold Kachel of Goodwell; for Two Sisters material to Vincent Dale, and the Kachel, White and Zunk collections. All archaeological sites are protected by law, under the direction of the Oklahoma Archaeological Survey. The Stamper site excavation is reported at length in the Virginia D. Watson report, *Bulletin of the Texas Archaeological and Paleontological Society*, Lubbock, Texas, Vol. 21, 1950. See also Robert Bell, *Oklahoma Archaeology*, Stovall Museum publication, 1969.



Remains of an adobe walled, three room, semi-subterranean house excavated in the Optima focus.



Artist's visualization, from archaeological evidence, of a grouping of the pre-historic dwellings, the remains of which still lie buried near Optima. Illustrations courtesy No Man's Land Museum, Goodwell.

Calendar of Events



Sept 6-Oct 31	UFO? (Planetarium)... Okla City
Sept 14-Oct 12	Eight State Art Exhibit... Okla City
Sept 26-Oct 5	Tulsa State Fair... Tulsa
October	Quilting Exhibition & Workshop (NEOSU)... Tahlequah
Oct 1-12	"Star Spangled Girl" (Theater Center)... Okla City
Oct 2	All Day Crafts Learn Show... Miami
Oct 2-4	Jaycee Bull Riding... Ardmore
Oct 2-4	Choctaw County Fair... Hugo
Oct 3-4	Senior Citizens Fishing Tournament... Durant
Oct 3-5	National Gun Show... Bristow
Oct 3-5	Arts and Crafts Show... Drumnright
Oct 4	OU vs Colorado (football)... Norman
Oct 4	CSU vs Texas Tech (football)... Stillwater
Oct 4	OSU vs Langston (football)... Edmond
Oct 4	Czech Festival... Yukon
Oct 4	Cameron vs NWOSU (football)... Lawton
Oct 4	Art and Bicentennial Festival... Cordell
Oct 4	Street Carnival... Tahlequah
Oct 4-5	Fall Color Trail Ride... Lawton
Oct 4-5	Arts and Crafts Festival... Lawton
Oct 5	Sailboat Regatta... Grove
Oct 9-11	Pushmataha County Free Fair... Antlers
Oct 9-11	Puppet Show... Sapulpa
Oct 9-11	NWOSU Homecoming... Alva
Oct 10	Oklahoma Historical Day... Salina
Oct 10	Oilers vs Blazers (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Oct 10	Homecoming... Medford
Oct 10, 11, 16-18	"Sherlock Holmes... Amorous Regent"... Ponca City
Oct 10-26	Blazers vs Dallas (ice hockey)... Okla City
Oct 11	Country Music Stage Show... Cleveland
Oct 11	SWOSU vs NEOSU (football-homecoming)... Weatherford
Oct 11	TU vs Cincinnati (football)... Tulsa
Oct 11	NWOSU vs CSU (football)... Alva
Oct 12	World Bass Assn Tournament... Lake Eufaula
Oct 12	Oilers vs Tucson (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Oct 12	Harry James Show... Ponca City
Oct 13	Pianist Ruth Laredo and Philharmonic... Tulsa
Oct 14	Orchestra Concert (CSU)... Edmond
Oct 14	Victor Borge and the Phillips Symphony... Enid
Oct 15-19	Grand Nat'l Morgan Horse Show... Okla City
Oct 17	Blazers vs Oilers (ice hockey)... Okla City
Oct 18	OSU vs Nebraska (football)... Stillwater
Oct 18	Oilers vs Dallas (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Oct 18	CSU vs Cameron (football-homecoming)... Edmond
Oct 18	Indian Summer Festival... Stillwell
Oct 18	SWOSU vs Eastern New Mex (football)... Weatherford
Oct 18	Philharmonic Concert... Lawton
Oct 18	NEOSU Homecoming... Tahlequah
Oct 18-19	Gem and Mineral Show... Okla City
Oct 18-19	Indian Capital Chin Club Show... Muskogee
Oct 18-19	Indian Capital China Decorators Show... Muskogee
Oct 18-Nov 16	Indian Summer Festival... Muskogee
Oct 19	Rose Show... Okla City
Oct 19	Blazers vs Ft Worth (ice hockey)... Okla City
Oct 19-23	Fibers and Painting by Grace Garriga... Okla City
Oct 20-24	Indian Nations Trail Ride... Honobia
Oct 22	N.W. Dist. Marching Bands Contest... Alva
Oct 23-26	Indian Trade Fair... Okla City
Oct 24-30	Historic Landmarks Tour... Carter
Oct 25	Oilers vs Tucson (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Oct 25	Fall Festival Rodeo... Stillwell
Oct 25	Square Dance Jamboree... Muskogee
Oct 25	OU vs Iowa State (football)... Norman

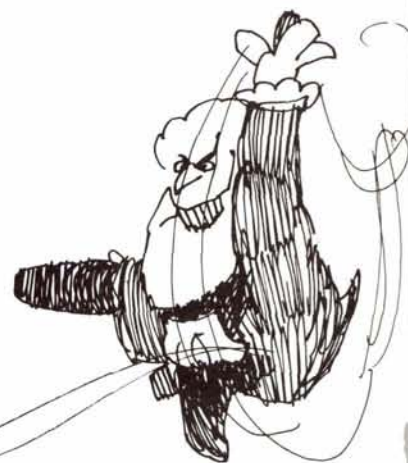
Nov 8	Pianists Ferrante and Teicher Concert... Okla City
Nov 8-9	Chrysanthemum Show... Okla City
Nov 8-9	Art Fair... Medford
Nov 8-11	Kiowa Tia Piah Society... Carnegie
Nov 9	Frost-Bite Regatta... Grove
Nov 9	Gene Kelly Concert... Okla City
Nov 9-11	Old Armistice Celebration... Lawton
Nov 10-15	World Champ Appaloosa Horse Show... Okla City
Nov 11	Orchestra Concert (TU)... Tulsa
Nov 12	"Midnight Ride of Paul Revere"... Sapulpa
Nov 13	Blazers vs Dallas (ice hockey)... Okla City
Nov 14	Oilers vs Blazers (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Nov 14-15	Arts and Crafts Fair... Newkirk
Nov 14-15	Arts and Crafts Show... Ardmore
Nov 14-15	Arts and Crafts Festival... Stigler
Nov 14-15, 20-22	"Slow Dance on the Killing Grounds" (Playhouse)... Ponca City
Nov 14-30	"Jacques Brel is Alive and Well..." (Tulsa Theatre)... Tulsa
Nov 15	OSU vs Kansas State (football-homecoming)... Stillwater
Nov 15	Blazers vs Salt Lake City (ice hockey)... Okla City
Nov 15	NEOSU vs CSU (football)... Tahlequah
Nov 15	SWOSU vs Cameron (football)... Weatherford
Nov 15	TU vs Indiana St. (football)... Tulsa
Nov 15	Wichita Symphony with the Phillips Symphony... Enid
Nov 15	Sweet Adelines... Lawton
Nov 16	Jazz Ensemble (SWOSU)... Weatherford
Nov 16	Oilers vs Salt Lake City (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Oct 25	TU vs Memphis (football)... Tulsa
Oct 25	Cameron vs Panhandle (football)... Lawton
Oct 25-26	Cactus Succulent Show... Okla City
Oct 25-27	Kiowa Veterans Day Celebration... Anadarko
Oct 26	Bicentennial Book Gift Dedication (ECOSU)... Ada
Oct 26	Blazers vs Tucson (ice hockey)... Okla City
Oct 26	Oilers vs Salt Lake City (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Oct 26-Nov 1	Youth Citizenship Week (ECOSU)... Ada
Oct 27	Volinist Paul Doktor and Philharmonic... Tulsa
Oct 28	Martha Ray "Everybody Loves Opal"... Okla City
Oct 29	Blazers vs Salt Lake City... Okla City
Oct 29-Nov 2	"Inherit the Wind" (Theater Center)... Okla City
Oct 30	Halloween Carnival... Shawnee
Oct 30-Nov 1	Faces of Democracy Symposium (ECOSU)... Alva
Oct 31	Harvest Festival... Carter
Oct 31	Jaycee Haunted House... Eufaula
Oct 31	Lions Club Carnival... Eufaula
Oct 31	Blazers vs Tucson (ice hockey)... Okla City
Oct 31	Halloween Carnival... Stigler
Oct 31-Nov 2	Arts and Crafts Show... Heavener
Oct 31-Nov 2	Green Country Arts and Crafts Festival... Tahlequah
Oct 31, Nov 2-4-8	"A Little Night" (OU)... Norman
Nov 1	OSU vs OU (football)... Stillwater
Nov 1	SWOSU vs Langston (football)... Weatherford
Nov 1	TU vs Louisville (football)... Tulsa
Nov 1	ECOSU Homecoming... Ada
Nov 1	OBU Homecoming... Shawnee
Nov 1	Panhandle vs CSU (football)... Goodwell
Nov 1-2	Indian Territory Gun Show... Tulsa
Nov 1-2	Okla Square Dance Clubs... Okla City
Nov 1-2	Arts and Crafts Show... Bartlesville
Nov 1-4	Will Rogers Bicentennial Celebration... Claremore
Nov 1-Jan 2	Are We Alone (Planetarium)... Okla City
Nov 2	All Breed Dog Show... Tulsa
Nov 2	Seminole Nation Museum Opening... Wewoka
Nov 3	Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra... Okla City
Nov 4	Oilers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Nov 6	Jazz Ensemble Concert (TU)... Tulsa
Nov 7	"Midnight Ride of Paul Revere"... Elk City
Nov 7	Oilers vs Dallas (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Nov 7-9	Arts and Crafts Festival... Marietta
Nov 7-15	Miss Teenage America Pageant... Tulsa
Nov 8	Veterans Day Parade... Spavinaw
Nov 8	Thanksgiving Choral Festival (OSU)... Stillwater
Nov 8	OU vs Iowa State (football)... Norman
Nov 8	CSU vs SEOSU (football)... Edmond
Nov 8	Hill Billy Stage Show... Cleveland
Nov 8	TU vs Drake (football)... Tulsa

Nov 16	Statehood Day Celebration... Guthrie
Nov 18	Orchestra Concert (SWOSU)... Weatherford
Nov 19	Pecan Show... Miami
Nov 19-22	US Figure Skating Championships... Tulsa
Nov 20-22	Texoma Juco Tournament (basketball)... Tahlequah
Nov 21	Choral Festival (CSU)... Edmond
Nov 21	Bicentennial Flag Ceremony... Beaver
Nov 21	Peanut and Pecan Show... Madill
Nov 22	Cameron vs ECOSU (football)... Lawton
Nov 22	Blazers vs Oilers (ice hockey)... Okla City
Nov 22	Christmas Parade... Bristow
Nov 22	CSU vs SWOSU (football)... Edmond
Nov 22	OU vs Nebraska (football)... Norman
Nov 22	Goose Grab... Adair
Nov 23	Oilers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Nov 24	Soprano Beverly Wolff and Philharmonic... Tulsa
Nov 25	SWOSU vs Panhandle (basketball)... Weatherford
Nov 25	Community Thanksgiving Services... Eufaula
Nov 26	Blazers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)... Okla City
Nov 27	Oilers vs Blazers (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Nov 27-29	State 4-H Club Congress... Okla City
Nov 28	Big Four Double Header (basketball)... Okla City
Nov 28	Christmas Parade... Shawnee
Nov 28	Christmas Parade... Elk City
Nov 28-29	Alumni Reunion... Eldorado
Nov 29	OU vs OU (basketball)... Norman
Nov 29	Oilers vs Salt Lake City (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Nov 29	Christmas Parade... Wagoner
Nov 29-Dec 7	Tom & Huck (Youth Theatre)... Tulsa
Nov 30	Blazers vs Salt Lake City (ice hockey)... Okla City
Dec 1	Miss Rodeo America Pageant... Okla City
Dec 1	OU vs TCU (basketball)... Norman
Dec 3	OU vs TU (basketball)... Norman
Dec 3	Santa Claus Parade and Band Clinic... Woodward
Dec 3-14	"You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" (Theatre Center)... Okla City
Dec 4-6	Arts and Crafts Show... Madill
Dec 5	Blazers vs Oilers (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Dec 5-7	Opera "Merry Mount" (OCU)... Okla City
Dec 5-7	Indian Arts and Crafts Fair... Anadarko
Dec 5-7, 9-13	"Scarecrow" (OU)... Norman
Dec 6	Blazers vs Tucson (ice hockey)... Okla City
Dec 6	Christmas Parades at Broken Arrow, Chouteau, Eufaula, Miami, Pawnee, Pryor, and Stigler
Dec 6	Philharmonic Orchestra... Lawton
Dec 6	Pet Parade... Perry
Dec 6-14	National Finals Rodeo... Okla City
Dec 6-28	Christmas Show (Planetarium)... Okla City
Dec 7	"Messiah" (Bethany Nazarene)... Bethany
Dec 7	Old Fashioned Christmas... Elk City
Dec 7	Band Concert (SWOSU)... Weatherford
Dec 7	James Alden Water Color Show... Okla City
Dec 7-Jan 11	SWOSU vs Cameron (basketball)... Weatherford
Dec 8	Pre-Christmas Musicals... Miami
Dec 8	Todd Rundgren Concert... Okla City
Dec 10	"Hansel and Gretel" (TU)... Tulsa
Dec 11-13	"When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder" (Tulsa Theatre)... Tulsa
Dec 12	Jazz Festival... Enid
Dec 12	Oilers vs Tucson (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Dec 12-13	SWOSU vs Bishop (basketball)... Weatherford
Dec 13	Blazers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)... Okla City
Dec 13	Oilers vs Dallas (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Dec 13-14	Pecan Show... Ardmore
Dec 14	Christmas Candlelighting... Wilburton
Dec 16	Oilers vs Fort Worth (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Dec 16	SWOSU vs Okla Science & Arts (basketball)... Weatherford
Dec 19	Blazers vs Dallas (ice hockey)... Okla City
Dec 20	Christmas Parade... Mangum
Dec 20	Oilers vs Blazers (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Dec 20	OU vs Arkansas (basketball)... Norman
Dec 25	Blazers vs Oilers (ice hockey)... Okla City
Dec 26	Oilers vs Dallas (ice hockey)... Tulsa
Dec 27-30	All-College Basketball Tournament... Okla City
Dec 30	TU vs Univ of Mo., St. Louis (basketball)... Tulsa



MIDDLE AGE

BY HILARY HEMINGWAY



Mature behavior is expected of a middleaged person. It is unfair but it is true.

Between the ages of 40 and 60 we are generally responsible, taken for granted, and sometimes deadly dull. We aren't rocking the cradle and we aren't rocking the boat. Small wonder we don't get much attention. Oldsters and youngsters get it all.

It will be quite a while before we reach the golden years when all the fun begins. Then you get cut rates at the drug store and can read all about yourself in the gerontology section at the library.

You can sit around and drop pearls of wisdom from withering lips. Such as, "I told you so, sonny."

You can be a foxy old grampa and pinch girls.

You can be an eccentric old lady and say terrible things and receive warm, congratulatory smiles from your teenage grandchildren.

You can get away with murder, like teenagers.

Teenagers are professional attention-getters. They cause high buildings full of advertising executives to sway

over the creation of a slogan for pimple medicine. They command prime time on television, not to mention the prime time of their parents' lives. To be a teenager is to be "cool." To be old and reasonably healthy and solvent is to be lucky, and to be middleaged is to be squished like the filling in a sandwich cookie.

What can you do about being middleaged? Nothing. Except rhapsodize when possible. Somewhere between the Fall of the Roman Empire and the Fall of Constantinople you are there, with your falling face and your falling hair and teeth.

Who is there to pick you up? Not the science of gerontology. They are pursuing the study of your 85-year-old mother who has been through all that and is out bowling. Not your teenagers. They are at the gas station with your credit card.

You are all alone, with the bills and burdens, and you walk around thinking, I can't believe I'm forty—or forty-five—or fifty. It is not the generation gap that bothers you but the credulity gap. It's incredible to

be fifty-five already.

One morning you pop out of bed feeling great as usual, but you look in the mirror and it's not you. It's Count Dracula popped out of his casket. You can't believe it. Middle-aged is something you heard about happening to other people. You never thought it would happen to you. It makes you desperate and clutching. You are ashamed for anyone to know.



You see that gleam in your eyes, feel the great heart bursting to be up and about another busy day. But that rotten 50-year-old mirror tells the terrible truth. You have come a long way, baby—a half century. It is the seventh inning stretch and depressing enough to make you want to lie back down, fold your arms and wait for rigor mortis to set in.

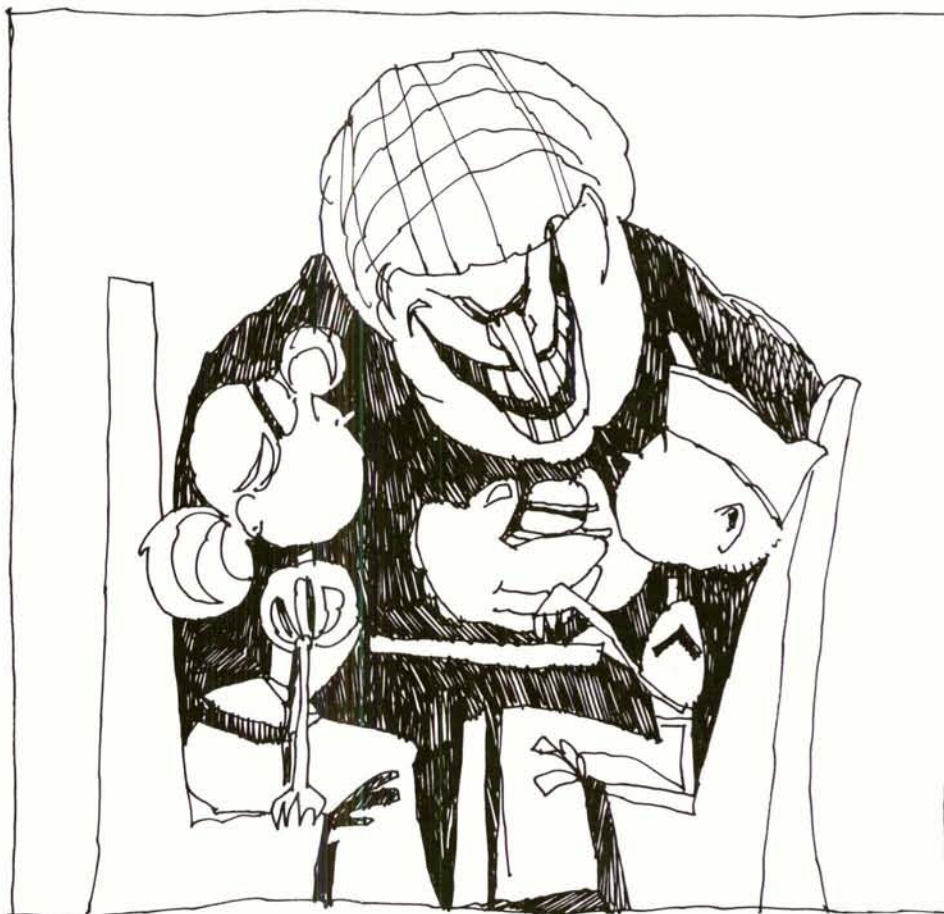
But you have to go to work. Is it possible to enliven your plight? Is it possible to brighten the routine of supporting everybody, both physically and emotionally? When your 85-year-old mother comes home complaining of her bowler's bursitis, tell her that you didn't ask to be born. When your teenager lopes in, grab your credit card and clutch it to your breast. Rebel. Defend yourself. But *never* tell anyone what is really bothering you. Because you will get laughed at. Middleaged desperation is funny to other people. Better to throw a half-way professional tantrum and a half-way sympathetic family might notice that you are swinging from the chandelier. It won't be mature behavior, but it will keep your face out of the mirror, and your mind off your middle years.

Middleaged people are obedient.

Raised to please their parents, they became parents at a time when the psychology books advised them to raise their own children without guilt and with the ability to "do their own thing."

Today's middleaged parents succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. They are accustomed to pleasing both their parents and their children. But who pleases them? I realized this the last time I went home to visit. All along main street I found old buildings with new bricks and boards clapped on the exterior.

Some with new opaque glass fronts, one with its roof of shingles halfway down the side. I'd take a quick look thinking that's entirely new. Then I'd take a closer look. No, it's the old drug store where I drank Black Cows as a teenager, nestled in a booth next to my old boyfriend with the new job—soldier, World War II. Where I listened to the Andrews Sisters before nostalgia was invented. It's the old drug store hangout where the hamburgers were cooked in the mysterious back room by a heavy lady you didn't



ILLUSTRATED BY DANDE EVANS

sass. Nothing was stainless steel. There was no such thing as fast food service. When Mamie the heavy lady got around to your order you'd get it, and don't carve your initials in the wooden booths while you waited.

The most you could do was scuff your saddle shoes on the linoleum floor and wish you could afford angora socks to match your sloppy joe sweater. Sometimes there would be rebellious whispers: "If we quit coming in here, they'd go broke in a hurry." But the proprietors never seemed to care whether we came or not. They always acted grouchy and abused. So, naturally, we never went anywhere else.

Looking back, those proprietors were middleaged, like me, and probably saving up the cherry-phosphate money so they could get to retirement as soon as possible.

When those proprietors left the place was turned into a full service restaurant, instead of an all-purpose hangout. The next decade of teenagers, my youngest brother's group, moved out onto the highway to a new place that aged incredibly fast due not to a sub-culture or a counter-culture,

but because my brother's generation had no culture at all. My brother's bunch wore black leather jackets, greasy pompadours, and aristocratic sneers. If those proprietors ever made it into retirement at all, they got there in straight jackets and wheel chairs.

Still later, like now, the place has a cunning roof suggesting a ski lodge and inside pizza is served and served up in a hurry, boy. The old greasy walls are covered with clean formica. Glistening ovens have replaced the old back room and formidable Mamie.

The only thing that seems similar is the middleaged proprietors. But they are modern middleaged, carrying on the pretense of being happy as they hustle around, minding both their elders and their juniors. I marvel in the knowledge we've raised our children in a revolutionary way, and now I understand those proprietors. They aren't fooling me, playing like they're happy while they make their harassed way through middleage. They'd like to sail those pizza pans out the door right now and head for happy retirement freedom, getting in on life's latest geriatric pleasures.

PROPHECY

These are the days when dying maple leaves
Turn Van Gogh yellow in a day light blaze,
And richest color spreads beyond control
As autumn lurks among the garnered sheaves
With yet a plentitude of warming rays.
I feel September sadness in my soul
For nature seems to have no other goal
Than showing death has beauty in her ways
When slow decay transforms the green to gold;
And in the growing quietude, I gaze
Upon the peacefulness that death achieves –
The pause upon the earth has been foretold
When summer fades and prophecy takes hold
And timely death with rebirth interweaves.

– Jaye Giammarino



Oklahoma Scrapbook

We have long been intrigued with Fort Sill's Medicine Bluffs.

Before the Army came, Kiowa boys were using these Bluffs for their prayer vigils, for days of fasting, as they sought their medicine, and their name. A narrow trail skirting just beyond the edge of our color picture is known to this day as the "Chief's Walk."

In 1869, General Grierson came with his party of Buffalo Soldiers, seeking the site for a fort, which became today's great artillery center, Fort Sill.

Here are three historic photographs of that search.

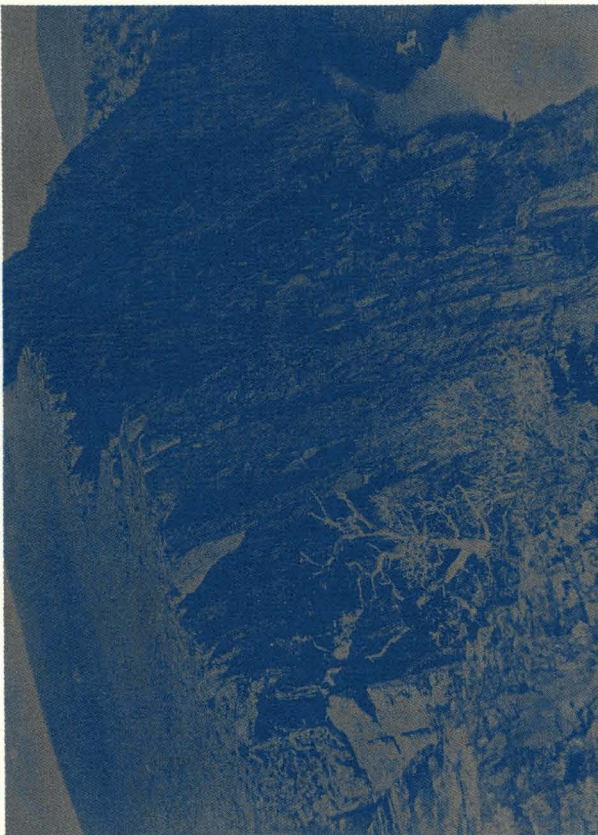
1 The towering Medicine Bluffs as they then looked. Note the Buffalo Soldiers along the cliff in the foreground of the picture.

2 General Grierson viewing the Bluffs from their opposite bank, a soldier seated behind him, a mounted detail along the background crest.

3 A group of the 10th Cavalry Buffalo Soldiers fording Medicine Creek at the foot of the bluffs, in the early 1870s.

The Medicine Bluffs look much the same today as they did over a century ago when these old photos were made, by famed photographer Will Soule.

It is possible today to find the exact same spots from which photographer Soule made these old photos, and standing virtually in his boot prints, duplicate them.





TEN YEARS AGO IN OKLAHOMA TODAY

How are you fixed for Ghost Stories? You'll find a skeleton jangling in a closetful of them in the Autumn '65 issue of Oklahoma Today. And all Oklahoma oriented: the time Marshal Bass Reeves had an Indian curse visited on him: Miami's Devil's Hollow spook light: old Fort Washita's beautiful apparition: and others aimed to inspire wild horror and shivers.

This Anniversary Issue contains **THE SHALLOW FIELD**, the story of Soonerland's first major oil rush, Bartlesville, 1904. The article is the first of a series by author David Craighead, chronicling our major oil rushes, with narrative and illustrations that are truly collectors' items. Nothing is of greater interest in these days of declining oil than recollections of the great days of flush production.

Phil Dessauer's **CHUKKERS** is a charming narrative of the high ranking our state has long maintained in national polo competition. Our polo victories seem to remain in obscurity, receiving little publicity, but Oklahoma polo teams have won cups all over the country, including the National Open — the World Series of Polo.

The Oklahoma Scrapbook's timeless miscellany contains historic photos from Fort Towson's Civil War Centennial pageantry, the delightful western sketches of Cheyenne's "Scotty" Falconer, and a tour through our Short Grass Country. Lovely color scenics from Robbers Cave, Beavers Bend, Hartshorne, Black Mesa, Big Cedar, Ponca City, Mount Scott, and the Arbuckle Mountains are bright and frameable.

You'll receive this Autumn '65 issue if you'll send \$2.00 to Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Mem. Bldg., Oklahoma City 73105. It contains more than we've mentioned, including coverage of the Oklahoma Center of Continuing Education, our Hosts International, national championship artist Greg Burns . . .



A GREG BURNS SKETCH.

LAST OF THE 5000

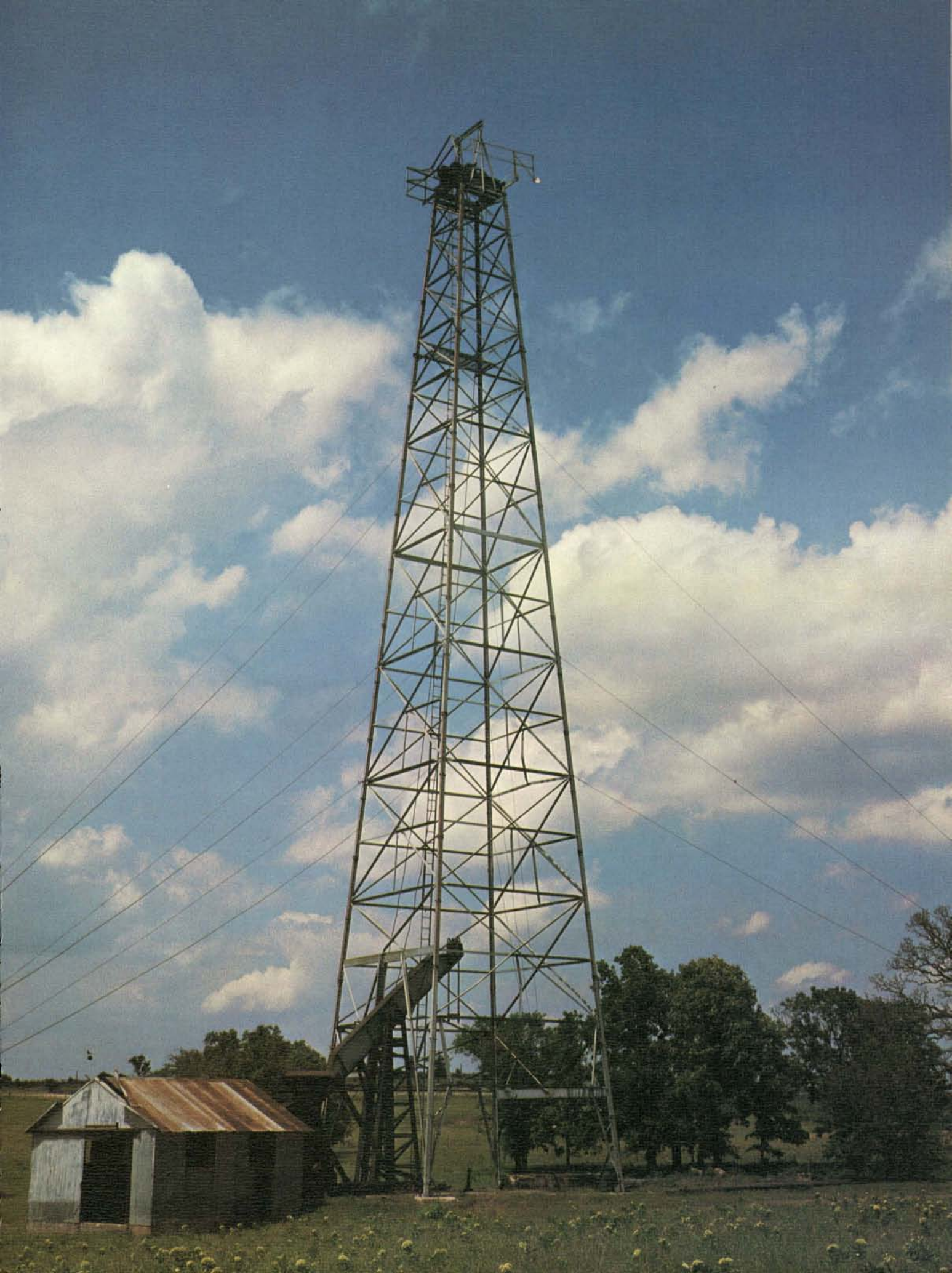
After the terrible cattle killing winter blizzards of 1886-87 a Montana rancher was confronted with the chore of writing a report for a syndicate of cattle owners on the condition of the 5000 cattle they had left in his care during the winter. In lieu of a written report, the rancher's friend, Charley Russell, drew his famous sketch of a starved, winter emaciated steer. The sketch, which was then sent to the syndicate owners, has become known as "Last of the 5000." It described the starving condition of the cattle on the range far better than any report written with words ever could have.

We understand there are some folks back east who think the oil shortage is a contrived crisis, a product of the machinations of the oil companies. Anyone who has grown up in Oklahoma knows there is nothing contrived in our running out of oil. We remember the great fields of flush production — Glenpool, Seminole, Three Sands, Cushing-Drumright . . . We remember when this Oklahoma earth was forested with derricks, each a producer, and the oil gushing up out of the earth seemed endless.

Oklahoma still produces more oil and gas than all but a few states. But the great days of flush production are ended. Now isolated rigs drill expensively deeper, ever searching. The forests of derricks are gone. In their place, to remind us that this earth really will one day run out of oil, stands an occasional picturesque, lonely relic, among the remains of its cable tools or rotary table. We do not see them in sadness for they are reminders of our youth.

They are reminders, too, of hope, for the grandsons of the geniuses who devised all the intricate mechanical devices needed to find and extract oil from the earth are not less competent than their grandfathers, and will devise the necessary techniques to extract energy from atoms, from the wind, the waves, and from the sun. It may take them awhile so, meanwhile, let's conserve.

This pictured old drilling rig is in the Earlsboro field, north and west of Seminole. While it is not the "last of 5000," or even the last rig in the Earlsboro field, the connotation seems apt.





FORT RADZIMINSKI

A short distance from Mountain Park stands Mount Radzinski, one of the peaks of the Wichita chain. On Otter Creek, upstream from its junction with the North Fork of the Red River, the earth works of the old Camp Radzinski remain, and the trench which defended the fort from the open plain it faces is still open.

Radzinski consisted of a palisade of logs on the knoll above Otter Creek. Early local settlers called it Fort Otter, but Major Earl Van Dorn named it Radzinski for a close friend, a Polish lieutenant who had recently died. The most prominent scar on the hillside is the trench, down which mules were once led to water, concealed from attacking Indians.

Early in 1858, in order to cope with raiding Kiowas and Comanches, Major Van Dorn crossed Red River with a command of the Second Cavalry. He soon reported that he was engaged in erecting a fort and stockade.

It was from here that Major Van Dorn led the Cavalry against the Comanches camped near Wichita Village on Rush Creek. The Wichitas had invited the Comanches to camp near them, and the Comanches had accepted the invitation in peace, but Van Dorn was not aware of this. Many Comanches were killed when Van Dorn attacked, and the foraging troops destroyed the Wichitas' growing crops. The Comanches believed they had been tricked and trapped by the Wichitas. With their fields devastated and the Comanches angry, the Wichitas fled into Fort Arbuckle for protection.

During the battle Major Van Dorn was wounded with an arrow through the abdomen and another through his left wrist. He was carried by mule-litter back to Fort Radzinski and from there returned to his home in Mississippi for recuperation.

Many important persons served at Radzinski. Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of Robert E. Lee, was wounded in an Indian battle fought there. Lee received an arrow wound in his right breast which almost took his life.

Very close to this old fort, in the year 1903, a rancher by the name of E. E. Fancher, while exploring a small cave, found the skeleton of a man. With the bones was an old rifle, a powder horn, a bullet mold and a Congressional Medal. The medal was believed to have been earlier presented to Sequoyah, or George Gist. One shin bone of the skeleton, the same shin bone once broken by Sequoyah, was broken. A spring named Sequoyah Spring is north of the mountain. Some historians believe that Sequoyah died and was buried in old Mexico. Oklahoma Congressman James V. McClintic once researched the matter as thoroughly as was possible, to reach no firm conclusion. Many believe that, while Sequoyah left his home near Sallisaw with Mexico as his destination, he found work to do among the Indians of Southwestern Oklahoma and the Fancher Ranch cave, near old Fort Radzinski, became his final resting place.

by
Mary Neely Capps



These poems are by 7th and 8th grade students at the Concho Indian School, near El Reno.

FREEDOM

I was born green, my beloved Yelly Kelly!!!
My goofy fren, black Jeanine!
I was born to be BLUE WILD!!
FREEDOM for the . . . green thumbs,
. . . the big Blue Valley,
. . . and,
HOSS WHITE ELTON JOHN!!!
my red hearted Danny,
my ugly black, stink Taylor?
BROWN CHOW-CHOW-CHOW!!!!!!!
(meow)

— Margie Jim, Navajo

I am an Auditorium filled with people,
A man came in
Big as a wind,
He smelled like the bathroom bowl,
It made me mad
Because he filled the air in me
with stinking smelling air,
It made people run out.

Now I am alone.
Maybe someday they will come back.

— Johnny Reyes, Arapaho

LONELINESS

I was spring without flowers,
Grayish clouds towering
Tasted like a piece of chalk
Sounded like a cold wind.

— Sharon Big Horse, Cheyenne

bubbles
bubble
drifting in outer space
city of holes
night full of stars
still drifting
outerspace zoo.

silence
faces
circles
the sun
squares, lines, curves
wind
owls
loneliness

— Jeanine Harrison, Pottawatomie

I'm starting the world with color
A red ball of fire
Then I'll cool it down with a giant ball of ice
I'm going to create the land
Wrinkled from making mountains
My hands are trees in a swamp
The sky is green and gray
The water is still a bunch of fire
I see the animals howling in the night
People walking on water
Elephants with giraffe necks and bird wings
People with horses tails.

— Pratt Leading Fox, Pawnee

Denise Todome is . . .
a fox
a lollipop
piece of cloth
a flute
the wind
a bulldozer
a mouse
Pinocchio

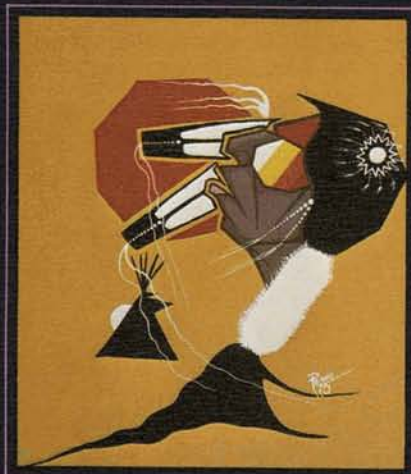
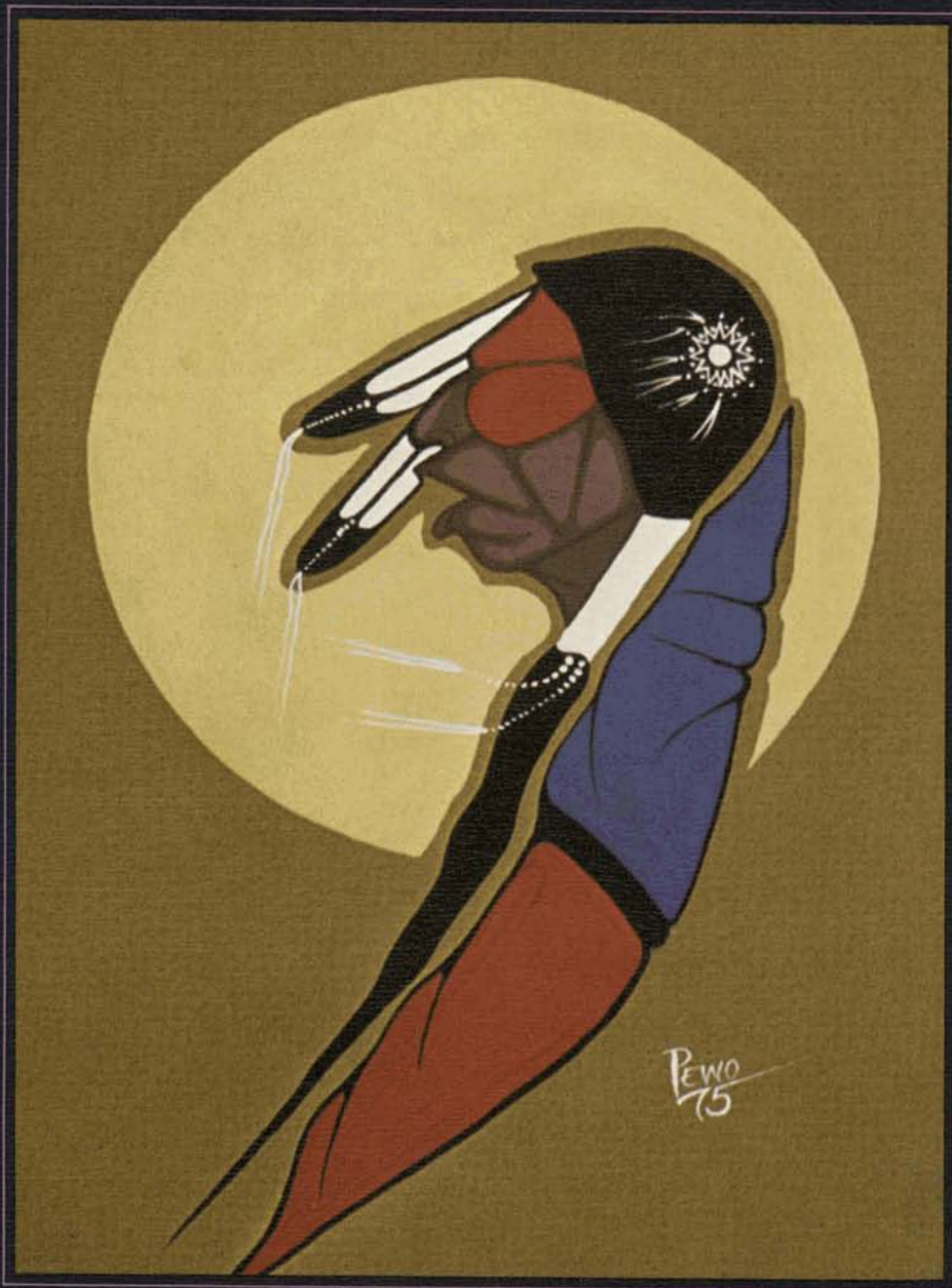
in my room
at the swimming pool
under a tree
outside

because I want to
because she wouldn't

— Denise Todome, Comanche

Theme and Variations

A young Comanche artist, Wilson Pewo, age 18, student at Riverside Indian School, Anadarko, executed these five paintings. We asked why he painted five, so nearly alike, yet so different. In sum, he said he was seeking to evolve something: something satisfactory to his own esthetics. So he experimented with geometrics, lines and curves, using the same basic theme, varying the objects, altering the colors. Was he satisfied with the result? No, not really, he said. Like any honest artist, he is not fulfilled, not wholly satisfied, with any one of the paintings, or with the total of his efforts. But his work won for him the first prize in the all-tribal competition at Concho Indian School this year.





Gail Farrell, of Durant, is regularly seen on the Lawrence Welk show, and regularly watched by as many Oklahomans as any Oklahoma launched show biz celebrity you can name. When we recently passed opulent Harrah's at Lake Tahoe where the Welk show was appearing, we stopped to visit with her.

She is even prettier and more sparkling in person than on television. Now she's Gail Mallory and husband Rick Mallory is personable and well met, the kind of gent who merits the honor of being an honorary Oklahoman. We welcome him into the family.

Gail told us about her try and disappointment at not becoming Miss Oklahoma, and how she traveled to California on her own and summoned up the courage to try out for the Welk show. Her success should encourage every girl who tries to become Miss Oklahoma. You can make it to the top without the title. Gail did.

Her parents still live here, her mother still being the boss lady at the Durant Pipe and Supply Co., and her dad still running cattle on Southeastern Oklahoma's fine ranch land. Gail

returns every once-in-awhile and her Durant benefit concerts are building a children's park there.

We understand that when you visit Durant henceforward you'll be driving into town on Gail Farrell Avenue.

When you watch television or buy records we anticipate you'll be encountering a lot of Gail for a long time, for not only can she sing, play, act, and dance, she has composed upwards of 40 new songs. We don't want to forget, she wanted us to say howdy to Mrs. Lemon, her former piano teacher in Durant.

Artist Loweta M. Chesser, of Altus, is curator of the Western Plains Museum there. Her dioramas make a visit to that museum a vivid, real life experience. Many of her individual paintings are portrayals of daily life activities.

Here are two, applicable to Oklahoma life of settler days and even up until the early 1930s: on the facing page, the farmer with his team taking refreshment at the windmill tank, his plow left behind; on the following page, a rural brush arbor, and revival preaching.

A STRANGE FOOTBALL GAME

Otis Delaporte, longtime coach at Southwestern, Weatherford, tells about the strangest football game he ever coached. In it, the game had to be stopped while the referee went to the men's room. Everyone knew where he was going because he had to run clear across the field and down under the stands. When he returned all spectators in both stands stood and applauded.

A little later the game had to be stopped on account of fog . . . thirty minutes of it . . . so dense the players couldn't keep track of each other or the ball.

But the climax had come at the kickoff. When the opposing team kicked off the ball suffered a blowout. When Otis' team caught the ball it was a flat, deflated bladder which may have set off a subconscious train of thought in the referee, causing him to make that later, long trip . . .





A new thought on the CORONATTO inscription is offered by Dr. Clara Chavez de B. In reply to our wondering why the inscriber carved CORONATTO instead of his own name, the good *doctora* suggests that very probably a group of men from the expedition were gathered there when the carving was executed. With the inclination to carve only one name in the rock, it was the consensus of the group to carve the name of the expedition leader rather than some other individual's name. As to why the inscription read CORONATTO instead of CORONADO we refer you to our original article in the Spring '75 issue of *Oklahoma Today*.

As we pointed out, CORONATTO is the Italian spelling, and there were two Italians, Bartolome Napolitano and Francisco Rojo Loro, with the expedition. Certainly one of them did the actual carving, possibly because he was the only man in the immediate group there beside the rock who could write. At that time in history very few men could read and write, and if others in the group there beside Castle Rock could not, they would not have realized that the inscription's spelling was Italian, not Spanish.

We are intrigued with the suggestion that there was a group of men standing around Castle Rock when the inscription was carved, rather than there being a single Italian soldier, alone, as we suggested in our first article. It seems especially reasonable, for the Cimarron runs so close by, and the river is sweet water there. The Cimarron does not become salty until it passes through the "Great Salt" deposits northwest of Freedom, a good many miles farther down stream.

So it is entirely possible that the Coronado Expedition, returning to Tiguex, entered our panhandle at what was later to be called the Willowbar Crossing of the Cimarron, and followed the course of the river on into New Mexico. On that route, the entire expedition could have been camped along the Cimarron within sight of Castle Rock while that inscription was being carved.

We'll remind you how the CORONATTO inscription looks by reproducing it here, along with a couple of those 16th century drooping fives we encountered in Castañeda's account of the expedition, written after his return

to Mexico. It is impressive how much the fives in the Castañeda manuscript, which

was also written in the 1540s, look like the five in our CORONATTO inscription.

One final note, our CORONATTO inscription is fast disappearing. As you can see in our reproduction, the first O is already gone. The R is almost gone. If it is not protected, it will eventually altogether disappear.

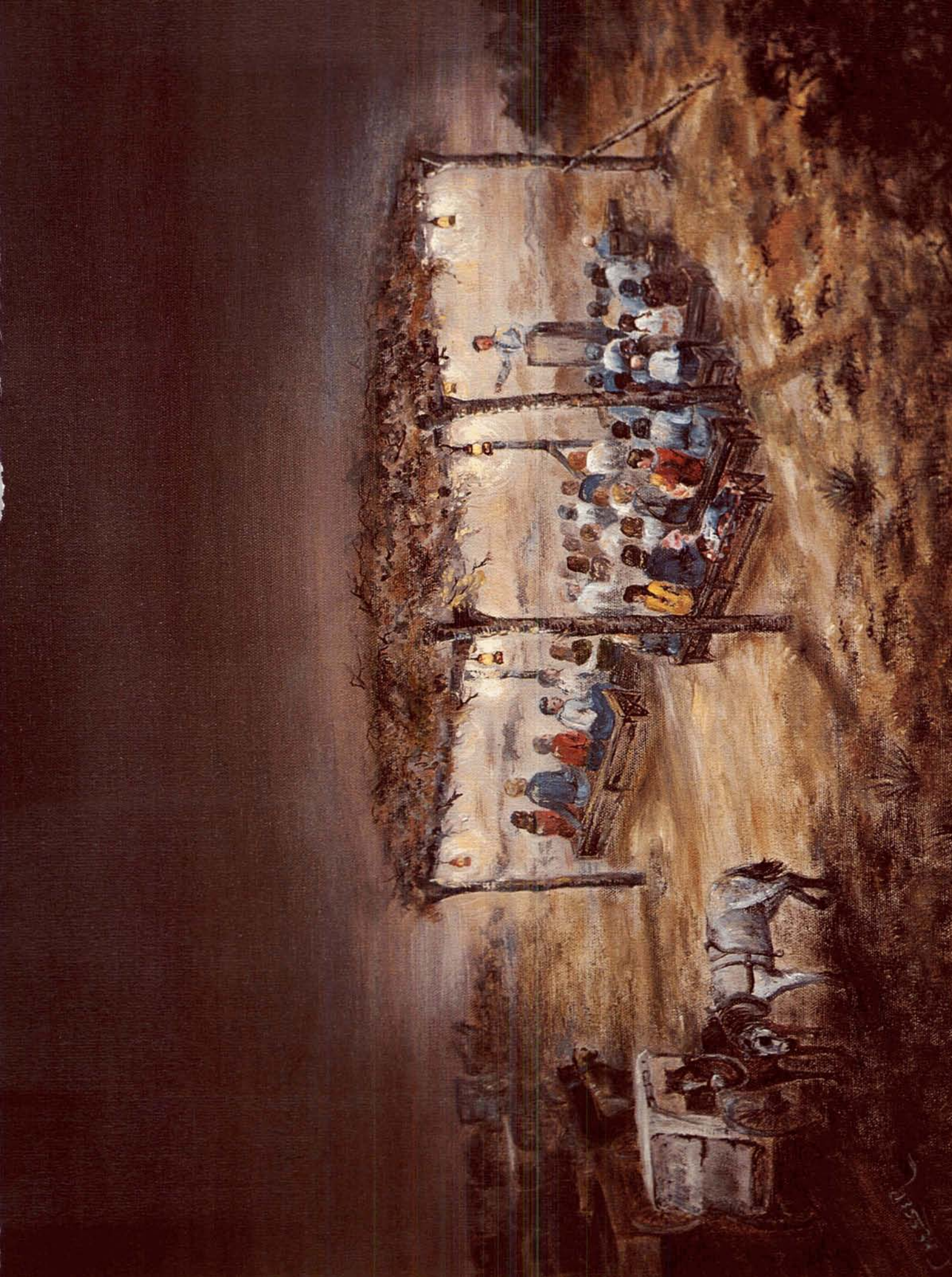
NEW BOOKS

PLATT NATIONAL PARK by Ballard M. Barker and William Carl Jameson, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, \$5.95. Chickasaws and Choctaws were among the first permanent settlers of the Travertine Creek, Antelope Springs, Buffalo Springs, Bromide Hill area, all now part of our smallest National Park, and the Chickasaws are still intimately involved in development of the area. This charming book treats fully of the ecology, flora, and fauna of lovely Platt.

COMANCHES: The Destruction of a People by T. R. Fehrenbach, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, \$12.50. It has become crucially necessary to examine Indian-Caucasian struggles in equanimity. Given the people, the times, and the circumstances, the frontier Indian wars were inevitable. An overcrowded European population inevitably expanded from Europe to America and continued westward. No containment of this expansion was possible. Resulting encounters with indigenous people were tragic. Disease was the

worst predator. Greed and aggressiveness, both Caucasian and Indian, followed. The Comanches virtually wiped out the Lipan Apaches, but set up no Bureau of Indian Affairs to assist the few Lipans who survived. The white man almost wiped out the Comanches, set up a Bureau of Indian Affairs to assist the survivors, but its work has hardly been entirely successful. Now modern Indian people assault other Indian people, as in the current struggles at Pine Ridge in the Dakotas. The real basis of war and violence is not racial. These specters spring from individual misunderstanding and/or greed. A careful reading of author Fehrenbach's book may help in deepening your understanding.

THEY SADDLED THE WEST by Lee M. Rice and Glenn Vernam, Cornell Maritime Press, Inc., Cambridge, Maryland, \$10.00. You'll find all the famous name saddlemakers you ever heard of in this volume, with others you should have heard of. The Mexican ancestry of our cow country lore and customs is traced. Well illustrated with photos and Glenn Vernam's saddle sketches. The writing is topnotch,





They Saddled the West

LEE M. RICE
and
GLENN R. VERNAM



our favorite chapters being *Guadalupe Garcia, Artist in Saddlery*, and the story of Charlie Collins, *Some were Fiddle-Footed*.

THE BLACK OKLAHOMANS: A History, 1541-1972 by Arthur L. Tolson, Edwards Printing Company, New Orleans, La., \$3.50. Dr. Arthur Tolson is the son of well-remembered Melvin B. Tolson, Langston University's award winning professor and Poet Laureate of Liberia. Among the points made by this thoroughly researched history we'll mention three: (1) prior to the mid-1940s racial discrimination here was the hard and fast rule; (2) in the years since, steady progress toward equality has been made; (3) perfection has not yet been attained. Blacks came to Oklahoma with the earliest explorers, Coronado, de Oñate, La Harpe, et al, many years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

INDIAN RAWHIDE: An American Folk Art by Mable Morrow, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, \$20.00. Volume 132 in the Civilization of the American Indian Series is large and liberally illustrated, both in color and black and white. Rawhide crafting of the parfleche, boats, cradles, drums, masks, shields, toys, etc., is described. Some discussion of birchbark and pottery included. Forty-four tribes of eleven Indian families are covered, with illustrations of the unique designs they painted on rawhide items. Coincidental with the International Women's Year, it deals with the work of Indian women and their philosophy of teaching and child training, with a foreword written by Alice Marriott.

MEXICO MYSTIQUE by Frank Waters, the Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago, \$10.00. This book should have meaning for modern Oklahomans because it deals with a variety of inter-related Indians themes, mythological and spiritual. The problem, in reading these obscure philosophies, myths, and theories, is to determine what the meaning is. The mysterious correlations of myths and Indian spirituality cross international boundaries, even continents. We read, not comprehending much of what we read, but wondering mightily at the unfathomable and mind-stretching depths. You may comprehend more than we. Surely, as we did, you'll enjoy the mind stretching exercises this book stimulates.

FIRE AND SPIRITS: Cherokee Law from Clan to Court by Rennard

Strickland, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, \$9.95. More than an accumulation of laws, this delightful narrative reconstructs the native Cherokee system of jurisprudence against the historical tapestry from which it grew. Lively writing and a collection of rarely seen photos, drawings, and paintings show why the Cherokees were fully known as a "civilized" people rather than as savages even during the very time they were dispossessed of their southern lands by greedy conquerors and a despotic Andrew Jackson.

THE PRESIDIO by Max L. Moorhead, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, \$9.95. Oklahoma author Moorhead is David Ross Boyd Professor of History at O.U. While the presidio was similar to the U.S. Army forts which later defended the American West, its greater influence came from its functions as market center, sanctuary, social unit, religious outpost, and administrative center of the area it served. The civilian settlement surrounding provided the reasons for the presidio, and its importance in the development of the U.S., Mexico, and Spain.

MAYA CITIES: Placemaking and Urbanization by George F. Andrews, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, \$20.00. As the development of our state's Spiro Mounds complex continues, the relationship of these early Oklahoma people with the Maya people of Yucatan will become more apparent. Spiro was a primitive country cousin of the culture which rose to such grandeur in the jungles of Mesoamerica. The similarity, of raised temple construction, serpent reverence, in customs, and artifacts, are already visible. Studies like this one, of the physical form and spacial organization of the Maya cities, should provide help in our reconstruction of the Spiro culture.

TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS OF OKLAHOMA edited by Leroy H. Fischer, Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City. Colorful narration and choice pictures, in both a hard-cover (\$6.95) and a soft-cover (\$3.95) format, successfully capture the spirit of territorial times. Personalities and the atmosphere of the 1890s predominate. We would say this book is overdue, were it not that it can now include incidents and evaluations that would have had to be omitted had it been written earlier. It will take you back to the era of which it treats.



Miss Indian America



Deana in "civilian" dress



Deana in Otoe tribal dress



Deana in Kiowa buckskin

Miss Indian America for 1975-76 is Deana Harragarra, Kiowa-Otoe, from Yukon. Deana is intelligent, personable, understanding and empathetic. She is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma with the Bachelor of Arts degree, and is now a graduate student. She is interested in both library science and law, and we're pulling for her to complete that law degree which would make her one of the first full-blood Indian lady attorneys in the U.S.A. She has the wit and talent to handle anybody's case, in any court.

Being Miss Indian America will take some time this year, and the agony is that she has to pass up more events than she can attend. In order to attend Anadarko's *American Indian Exposition*, she was unable to be present for the concurrent *Crow Indian Fair* in Montana, and the *Gallup Ceremonial* in New Mexico. Attending Georgia's *Salute to the First American* made it impossible for her to be present for National Boy Scouting's *Order of the Arrow* get-together in Ohio.

Future months will see her in Washington, D.C., also attending Portland, Oregon's *National Congress on the American Indian*. She has been invited to ride in both the Rose Bowl Parade, and the Orange Bowl Parade. Choosing one will not be easy, but we predict it is a choice that will be made with rightness and wisdom by the 22nd Miss Indian America, Oklahoma's Deana Harragarra.

Around the first of December every year the Mexican-American community in Oklahoma City begins its preparations for a most colorful and moving celebration of its year. Out come the "special" clothes all bright with color and trim; orders for Castilian roses fill local flower shops; ideas begin to break through in the minds of the people: What best of myself can I give? And how?

The center of activity is the Little Flower Church on 11th and Walker. The special music of the mass is practiced and perfected . . . Everybody looks forward to the magic days between December 9th and the 12th. This is a religious feast—but it is particularly their own. To understand its meaning for the American-Mexicans you would have to know the legend of the Feast and why it is special in their hearts.

In December 1531, during the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in México, one Juan Diego was on his way to Mass early on a Saturday morning when he heard the heavenly music and then from the music a sweet voice called as a mother would waken her child, "Juanito, Juan Dieguito!" He paused, looked up and saw her: The Blessed Mother—the most beautiful woman Juan had ever seen. Juan recognized her, but he was astonished to find her here on Tepeyac hill a few miles from México City on such a rainy day . . . She spoke: "Know and heed, thou, the least of my sons, that I am Holy Mary ever Virgin, Mother of the true God, for whom we live . . . I urgently desire that a temple be built to me here, to bear witness to my love, my compassion, my aid and protection . . . Go to the Bishop in México and say that I sent thee to tell him my great desire."

FEAST OF GUADALUPE: A PLEDGE OF HOPE

BY CLARICE JACKSON

Juan went . . . But he was not received . . . He wasn't surprised: Why would the Bishop receive a 57 year old Aztec with such a story? But Juan knew what he saw so he returned to the hill with the news of his failure. She was there. She heard him out. "Go back, my son," she urged . . . Twice more he went; twice more he was rejected. The third day, Juan missed his appointment . . . He was caring for his sick uncle and early the next day he hurried into the city to bring a priest to administer last



rites . . . Juan's heart was sad. When he came to Tepeyac hill, he hurried by to avoid delay . . . But the Lady stopped him . . . Juan begged to be let go . . . He'd come as soon as his errand was done. "Do not worry, your uncle will get well," she promised. "Go to the top of the hill, gather the flowers you find and then go to the Bishop. He will receive you now . . ."

Juan went up the frozen hill and there to his surprise found the beautiful Castilian roses in full bloom and ready for his hand. He gathered them into his *tilma* (robe) and returned to the Lady. She arranged the roses for him and sent him on his way to

the Bishop. This time, Juan was taken to the Bishop—the roses had been the key . . . But when he dropped his *tilma* to release the roses, the Bishop and his party fell on their knees before poor Juan, awe and worship on their faces . . . Astonished, Juan looked down to see the roses at his feet and the face of the Lady stamped upon his *tilma*! His mission was accomplished . . . In due time, the temple was built, the people were brought to the Christian faith and The Lady of Guadalupe belonged to America!

Little wonder that this is an important Festival for the Mexican Catholics. It is their own . . . And wherever they settle, they mark the date with special mass. It is a time of giving of themselves, their time and talent and love . . . They do it with joy and devotion. And as you listen to the music of the mass sung in Spanish with their guitars, you understand in your heart the love with which they greet the Lady, the devotion with which they offer themselves to her service and the reluctance with which they leave the Presence.

As a visitor, you feel a part of it and you experience the real joy of Faith. You go away with the sad-joy of the final hymn still singing in your heart and brain . . . And you feel that Christmas will have more meaning and December will hold more Joy because you experienced A Pledge of Hope.

the Tulsa Youth Symphony

by John Toms

The Tulsa Youth Symphony Committee did a lot of "pacing the floor" during January 1963. In fact, it had been parentally anxious for months. But it now seemed probable that the gestational period was over. And sure enough, on Wednesday, January 24, the Tulsa Philharmonic Society reported the birth of the Tulsa Junior Symphony. Chairperson Bonnibel (Mrs. William E.) Lester was the attending physician. The Committee handed out the customary cigars and candy.

The birth made quite a stir in Tulsa. Leading music educators and the press were generous with accolades. From the Tulsa World came, "In the years ahead, this could prove to be an outstanding step in building a better Tulsa."

The spring of 1963 was spent auditioning prospective conductors, and Max Waits, then first flutist with the

Tulsa Philharmonic and professor of music at Tulsa University, was selected.

September saw initial auditions for membership in the new orchestra, and since the auditions were open, instrumentalists from all over the northeast corner of the state tried out. When completed, they had turned up 69 players. Then began rehearsals for the inaugural concert scheduled for January 1964. The debut was a whopping success, and Tulsa's music critics so testified.

On that first program, the orchestra played Howard Hanson's "Symphony No. 2, (Romantic)." The noted American composer's work holds special significance for the Youth Symphony because, representative of the cooperation and encouragement of the community, the Tulsa Alumnae Chapter of Sigma Alpha Iota Music Sorority presented the orchestra with the score

and parts. Besides, composer Hanson addressed a congratulatory letter to the group.

At the close of the first season, the Junior Division of the Tulsa Philharmonic's Women's Association took the Youth Symphony under its wing. It became the Division's principal responsibility. Besides fund raising, its members supply cookies and cokes at rehearsals, and are on hand "to help with whatever traumas arise," says Susan Stone. Mrs. Stone is now chairperson of the Youth Symphony Committee and liaison officer between the Youth group and the Philharmonic Board.

Early, the Women's Association pledged an annual gift of \$1000 to the Philharmonic's offspring, but it's the Junior Division—by way of two fund raising efforts—that struggles to meet the budget.

The enterprises used to fill the coffers are the annual Fantasy Ball and Santa's House. At Santa's—a house the young women locate and deck out in Christmas garb—they sell homemade goodies, gifts, and sometimes items on consignment.

The money the ball and Santa's House fail to produce—the budget has run from \$5000 to \$8000—the Philharmonic Society provides. Last season the budget was \$7000.

For 1975-1976, however, it will only be \$3800. But that's because of a change in organization. The \$3800 figure doesn't include the conductor's salary. For the first time, the Society has combined two jobs. One person will act as both conductor and administrator with the salary coming from the Philharmonic budget.

Ronald Wheeler will be the 1975-1976 conductor-administrator. Wheeler has been the conductor since 1972. He took over after a six year term under the guidance of Robert McNally. McNally, now concert-master of the Philharmonic, followed Waits in 1966.

Wheeler is ambitious. In the summer of 1971, a year prior to being appointed conductor of the Youth Symphony, he organized a 20 piece Youth Chamber Orchestra that played six park concerts. It was repeated in 1972.

Using those concerts as a stimulant, Wheeler pried a \$12,000 grant

continued on page 32

the Oklahoma City Junior Symphony

by Bill Burchardt

The Oklahoma City Junior Symphony is twenty-five years old. Nearly 100% of each year's group of graduating seniors goes on to conservatory, college, or university, as a scholarship, often full scholarship, student.

The triumphs of the orchestra have been many indeed. Since 1959, Burns Westman, Music Consultant for the Oklahoma City Schools, has been the orchestra's conductor. In 1961 the orchestra broke into national prominence when it was selected as one of three young orchestras to play for the biennial convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs in Kansas City.

A year later they made their first appearance before the Music Educators National Conference in Chicago, where enthusiastic listeners insisted that the Chicago Symphony could not have performed the concert any better. The orchestra's recordings have

been purchased by a wide spectrum. A Maharaja of India who had studied music in London and is an Honorary Fellow of the Trinity College of Music wanted a record for his personal collection. The "Voice of America" has purchased many of their records for broadcast to international audiences.

You can read about these achievements in more detail in the article JUNIOR SYMPHONY in the Summer '63 issue of *Oklahoma Today*. Here are a few of the highlights that have transpired since.

In 1965 the Oklahoma City Junior Symphony played in New York City's Town Hall. They also performed in the Oklahoma Pavilion at the World's Fair and, by special invitation, in the New York Pavilion. Young soloist Jack Karhu played the extremely difficult Richard Strauss *Concerto for French Horn, Opus II*.

The New Yorkers were so enthusi-

astic that they wanted to keep the young Oklahomans for a summer of appearances in New York World's Fair Pavilion. Costs for such a venture were beyond financial reality, however, so the eighty-five member Junior Symphony returned to Oklahoma City.

There is no lack of regularly scheduled appearances here. The Junior Symphony plays three formal evening concerts each year—this year on November 23, February 22, and May 2, at Oklahoma City University. They are now in their fourth year of playing an annual series of concerts, sponsored by the American Association of University Women, for school children in Edmond, plus a formal evening concert there.

They presented a series of Children's Concerts in Muskogee last year, and will return there again in November of this year.

The Oklahoma City Ladies' Music Club sponsors concerts here and uses the resulting funds to help the orchestra meet its budget, purchase instruments, and equipment. Last year's proceeds were used to purchase a new harp.

The orchestra plays for the Spring Festival of Arts in downtown Oklahoma City. For the Oklahoma City Public Schools String Festival in May, Junior Symphony members provide a variety of assists, playing incidental and background music, and performing as a unit. They play an annual outdoor concert on the Fidelity Bank Mall. The next of these will be at noon on Friday, October 17.

The Junior Symphony's most recent appearance before the Music Educators National Conference was in Wichita, Kansas, in 1973. On that occasion they performed Ray Luke's *Compressions*, its second public performance after its earlier premier by the Oklahoma City Symphony.

In Wichita the Junior Symphony also performed *Suite from the Ballet Estancia* by Brazilian composer Ginastera. Young pianist Larry Keller was the soloist for Franz Liszt's *Totendanz*, with his father, Edwin Keller, Coordinator of Arts for the Oklahoma City Schools, as the guest conductor on the podium.

Several ingredients contribute to the

continued on page 32

Tulsa

from the National Endowment For The Arts to pay for twelve performances in Tulsa schools during 1972-1973.

The following year, Wheeler arranged a trip to St. Louis where the orchestra played a concert, rehearsed under Leonard Slatkin, and attended a St. Louis Symphony program. Last season, the orchestra cut a disc that will be sold locally to support the orchestra. Furthermore, the Chamber Orchestra has accompanied "Messiah" performances for the past two years.

With two scheduled concerts a year, the extra activities spell b-u-s-y. And the Youth Symphony is going to gain in attractiveness with Thomas Lewis on the Philharmonic podium. Lewis is a firm backer of the young orchestra, and has regenerated Philharmonic Board interest.

With new backing, prestige will build and inspire players to meet still heftier challenges. That means greater experience, the kind that makes it possible for students to gain entrance to the country's top-flight music schools.

Many have already made it; among them Carolyn Moran to Oberlin and Juilliard—she is now concertizing in Europe—and Harold Moses to Curtis Institute. He's at present assistant principal violist with the Denver Symphony.

Evan Johnson, Mary Anne Griffin, and Mary Ellen Ewing—all violinists—went to Juilliard. Johnson transferred to Columbia, and is now doing graduate work at the Manhattan School of Music. Ewing plays with the New Jersey Symphony.

Sally Mulholland, cellist, and Rob Maddin, violist, went to Eastman, and Michael Deatherage, now principal cellist with the San Diego Symphony, graduated from Oklahoma City University.

That run-down—and it's not complete—can be looked at with a bit of pride by those who have worked madly to support the orchestra. But, you can't really feel sorry for them for they love it. And they'd probably be happy to echo Susan Stone who exudes, "I'm committed to the idea of young people having the opportunity to play in a symphony."



Though there have been successful Indian authors in the past, and their number is increasing, most Indian history is still written by white authors. A fuller understanding of Indian history, in its depth and complexity, can come only as we have more Indian history written from the Indian viewpoint, by Indian authors. Newton Poolaw, Kiowa, gives us here an Indian viewpoint of an often told tale, the death of Satank. You can find other accounts of this event, for comparison, in Carbine and Lance by W. S. Nye, The Kiowa Indians, by Hugh Corwin, The Ten Grandmothers by Alice Marriott, The Warren Wagon Train Raid by Benjamin Capps, also The Kiowas by Mildred P. Mayhall.

Oklahoma City

success of the Oklahoma City Junior Symphony. Among them is the strong support given the organization by community adults—including and especially the parents of Junior Symphony members. Also the splendid professional caliber musicianship of the youngsters themselves. Certainly of equal importance is the leadership of their conductor. Burns Westman is more than a thorough musician, musical disciplinarian, and master of the baton. He has those special qualities which enable him to relate to young people, inspiring without being overwhelming, and providing leadership without ostentation.

The Oklahoma City Junior Symphony has been invited by the National Federated Music Clubs, as a Bicentennial event, to perform on October 11, 1976, at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. There they will accompany ballerina Yvonne Chouteau; and their own all-instrumental program will consist entirely of Oklahoma composers; Roy Harris' *Third Symphony*, Spencer Norton's *Dance Suite*, Louis Ballard's *Trail of Tears*, and *Romanza for Oboe and Strings* by Jack Kilpatrick.

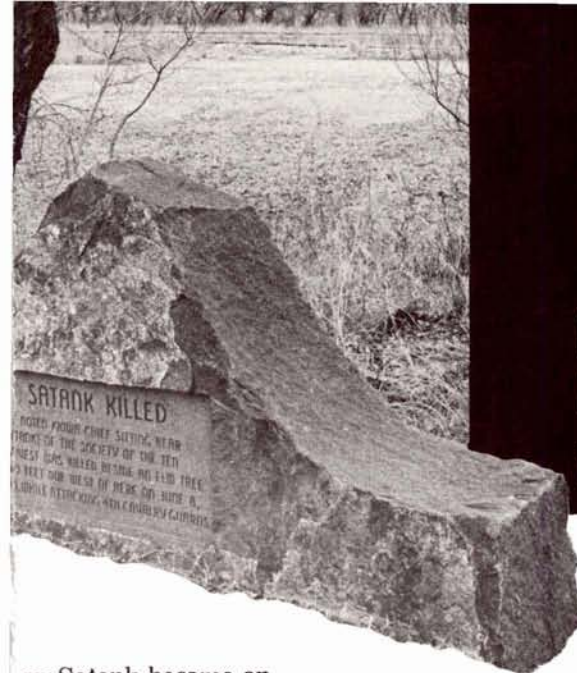
Satank, as he was called by the whites, was probably the most formidable war chief of the Kiowa tribe.

In 1840 Satank (Sitting Bear), and Dohausan (Little Bluff), the last head chief of all the Kiowas, made peace with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Before, they had been mortal enemies. Satank was a wealthy man in the Kiowa way. It is said he alone gave away 250 horses to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, in exchanging gifts to insure lasting peace. Satank was a member of the Koitsenko warrior society, a very exclusive group to which only 10 could belong. In battle, this society put their lances down through their red sashes, anchoring themselves facing the enemy, to die fighting, never to retreat, unless rescued by a comrade.

In 1870 Satank's favorite son, along with Lone Wolf's favorite son, were killed in Texas by soldiers. From then

DEATH OF SATANK

BY NEWTON POOLAW



on Satank became an implacable, uncompromising enemy of all whites.

He made an expedition to Texas to recover his son's bones, then erected a tepee in which to place these bones, carefully wrapped. He frequently invited his son's ceremonial society, the "Herders," to come to this tepee and smoke as if his son were still alive. He carried his son's bones on a special horse whenever he moved camp.

In 1867 the Treaty of Medicine Lodge moved the Kiowas and the Comanches, allies since 1790, south to their present territory around Ft. Sill. In historical times we Kiowas remember being in the Yellowstone region in Montana before we drifted south. We began our tribal calendars in the year the stars fell, 1833. My grandfather had one of these calendars based on the annual sun dance and winter counts — my uncle has this calendar now.

We Kiowas then roamed, hunted, and raided an immense range from the upper Arkansas River to deep in Old Mexico. The Kiowas were a happy and free people, a plains Indian culture which included the sun dance, warrior societies, and the ten sacred "grandmother" medicine bundles. Kiowas fought the hated *tehannos*, the *mejicanos*, and the Utes and Navajos to the west, the Pawnees and Osages to the north.

The death of Satank was the direct result of raiding the Warren wagon train in Texas. My grandfather, George Poolaw of Mountain View, told me the story of Satank's deeds

and death many times. Also

I have heard all the old legends, battle stories, and warrior society songs about him.

In the spring of 1871, General William Tecumseh Sherman came to Texas to hear the protests of the Texans as to Indian raids. Lawrie Tatum, Quaker Indian agent, heard Satanta (White Bear) boast about the Warren wagon train raid. He recommended that Satank, Satanta, Big Tree, Fast Bear, and Big Bow be arrested and brought to trial for this crime.

After General Sherman's meeting with these chiefs, and the brief scuffle ensuing, Satank, Satanta, and Big Tree were arrested and imprisoned at Ft. Sill. Recently my father, David Poolaw of Mountain View, told me a more detailed and intimate version of Satank's death than I had ever heard before. My father told me he heard this story first about 1912, from the sole survivor, Big Tree. He said Big Tree, or Baychape as he was called by the Kiowas, was a sincere man. This version differs in several ways from the military account.

Big Tree said that the night the three chiefs were imprisoned at Ft. Sill, they were at first heavily guarded. As the long night wore on they were allowed to walk about in their cell which, according to Big Tree, was unlocked, guarded by a lone soldier. During the night this lone guard went to sleep. Satank then told Satanta they should slip past the sleeping guard and escape. For some unknown reason, Satanta awoke the guard. Thus their chance for escape vanished. From here on the attitude of Satank changed to become utterly

fatalistic. He was ready to die as the warrior that he was.

As my father remembers Big Tree's story, the next morning they were loaded into two corn wagons, a guard and driver to each wagon, a mounted soldier escort on all sides. Big Tree and Satank in one wagon and Satanta in another. I questioned my father as to who rode in which wagon, for here the accounts differ, but he only said, "My memory is still good."

Satank began talking to Big Tree. He told him he was a young man and if he were ever released to build a sweat house of a hundred willow branches and to decorate the sweat house with ten sticks representing the sacred grandmother bundles. Satank was the possessor of one of these bundles.

Satank then pointed to a tree up ahead and said he would never pass that tree. He began to pray. Upon finishing his prayer he called out aloud to his dead son to light the pipe for he was very lonesome and would soon join him.

After this, Satank began to sing his Koitsenko society song which became his death song. He told the soldier driver that today they would meet their maker, the driver muttering assent, not understanding. Satank suddenly pulled a knife and stabbed the guard and driver who leaped out of the wagon. He then grabbed the soldier's carbine. It jammed, and in this confusion the soldiers opened fire on Satank.

Big Tree says that the last time he saw Satank he was lying on the roadside mortally wounded, blood pouring from his mouth, still trying to sing his death song, "Only the earth and the sun endure . . ."

A significant thing happened then. A young officer suddenly rode amongst the men who had fired and according to Big Tree actually quirted his detail for firing so indiscriminately. Satank was not yet dead, but died later in the post hospital.

A small creek runs by the spot where Satank was shot, now fittingly called Sitting Bear Creek. To me, Satank's death was the true death of the old Kiowa way of life, although not all the Kiowas were thoroughly subdued until 1874, at Palo Duro Canyon.

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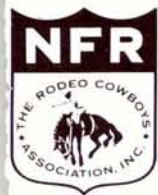
Budget increased from \$150,000.00 first year to \$451,200.00 this year.

Prize money increased from \$60,000.00 first year to more than \$200,000.00 this year.

BY FRED GROVE



NALS RODEO



They're headed our way again — those mean bulls and come-apart broncs and North America's top cowboys and cowgirls.

For the eleventh straight year, the National Finals Rodeo returns to Oklahoma City at the State Fair Arena, December 6-14.

Contestants will compete in "rodeo's world series" for \$200,000 in official prize money, the largest purse in the history of the sport, said Paul Strasbaugh, executive vice president of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce. In addition, there will be more than \$140,000 in other prizes.

"The NFR keeps getting bigger and bigger every year," Strasbaugh said. "Last year was a sellout each night, with total attendance topping 89,000."

All profits, which totaled \$70,000 last year, go to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, which includes the home of the Rodeo Memorial Association and Rodeo Hall of Fame. Clem McSpadden, former president pro tempore of the Oklahoma State Senate and former congressman from the 2nd district of Oklahoma, sees to the

orderly running of the Finals as general manager and producer.

This will be the 17th Finals in the history of the Rodeo Cowboys Association. The first three were staged in Dallas (1959-61), the next two in Los Angeles. Since moving to Oklahoma City, the Finals have grown steadily in prize money and spectator attendance.

The NFR is the end of a beautiful rainbow for some riders, and heart-break trail for others, with the cowboys competing in six events — bareback and saddle bronc riding, bull riding and steer wrestling, calf roping and team roping, while the top cowgirls from the Girls Rodeo Association contend for barrel racing honors.

To qualify for the Finals, cowboys must go all out during the grueling season. Some perform in more than 100 RCA-sanctioned rodeos, flying and driving as much as 150,000 miles. Finals winnings are added to each contestant's regular season earnings, and the world championship titles are then awarded to the cowboys in each event who won the most money during the year, and to the top girl barrel racer.

Oklahomans figured prominently in the 1974 season and Finals. Tom Ferguson of Miami, in only his second year on the RCA circuit, took the All-Around Cowboy title. He collected \$5,038 in the Finals and finished the season with a total of \$66,929 to break the previous record of \$64,447 established by Larry Mahan, six-time winner from Dallas.

That wasn't all. Ferguson dabbled a loop on the world's calf roping crown. His total of \$40,839 was the first time any cowboy had ever bettered \$40,000 in one event in one year. The Oklahoman was also a close second in steer wrestling going into the Finals.

Last man to win two world titles and the All-Around was Henryetta's legendary Jim Shoulders. He went into the record books in 1956-58, when he led the bareback bronc and bull riders. Shoulders, seven times champion bull rider and four times bareback champ, is now a stock contractor and a member of the NFR Commission Board.

Continuing in the winning Shoulders' tradition is son Marvin, the 1973 NFR bull riding champion. The first





Freckles Brown

night he rode his dad's bull Mighty Mouse for a 93 score, a Finals' record and one of the highest scores in the history of rodeo.

In a duel with Ferguson, Norman's Tommy Puryear won the world's steer wrestling crown the last night of the 1974 Finals in what was described as "the most electrifying finish ever seen in the NFR."

The 6-1, 210-pound Puryear pinned his steer in 4.91. Ferguson, knowing he had to register a run of 4.96 seconds or better to snap on the gold and silver champion's buckle, wrestled his steer down in 5.13 — and Puryear had the crown. For the sake of state "detente," it should be pointed out that Puryear formerly hailed from Austin, Tex.

Bobby Berger, another Norman-

based cowboy, was running third for the All-Around trophy just before the 1974 Finals. Twice winner of the Finals bull riding average, he was the 1971 All-Around runnerup.

Woodward's smooth-riding Jeana Day Felts, who joined the Girls Rodeo Association in 1969 and has been among the top 15 every year since, put away the 1974 world's barrel racing title.

Gail Petska of Tecumseh, who carried off the 1972 and 1973 world crowns, and also the '72 NFR trophy, holds the distinction of being only the second girl to hang up back-to-back titles. Competition is so keen in the Finals that no girl has won the average twice at Oklahoma City.

A winning combination in this event requires a finely trained horse, responsive to the slightest touch of rein or boot, and a rider with delicate balance. From a running start, horse and rider must circle three barrels in a clover-leaf pattern. Knocking over a barrel adds 10 seconds to the rider's time.

Although 17 seconds is considered fast time and probably in the money, competition has tightened in recent years until winning time in a go-round must be around 16 seconds.

Bucking stock also has to come up the hard way to rate the Finals. Each year a poll of the top contestants in

bareback, saddle bronc and bull riding is conducted by Rodeo Sports News, official publication of the association, to determine which animals are the toughest to ride.

A ten-year-old gelding named Checkmate, owned by Christensen Brothers of Eugene, Ore., was selected top saddle bronc last year. Top bareback horse was 16-year-old Smokey, owned by Harry Vold of Fowler, Colo. Bull of the year was Tiger, a 1,400-pound brindle-colored twister owned by Billy Minick of Saginaw, Tex.

Not all bulls carry awesome names. Elra Beutler and son Jiggs, stock contractors near Elk City, use numbers for their bulls.

Rodeo contestants compete against time. In riding events, the cowboy can earn 50 points and the animal 50. Two judges score both and the total is the point count given the rider.

Money earned by the contestants is based on their point count. If it isn't high enough, no money. Or if they are thrown, no money. There are no salaries in this sport.

A big incentive for top hands following the rough circuit in the dusty arenas is the \$120,000 Winston Rodeo Awards. At the conclusion of the Finals, the new All-Around Cowboy receives \$10,000, and the champions in the six men's events pocket \$5,000 each. Twice during the regular season, Winston also awards money to cowboys leading the standings.

Some of the memorable moments

After one year in Albuquerque (1974) the International Rodeo Association's finals have returned to Tulsa.

See Oklahoma Today, Winter '75-'76.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED MARVEL

A rodeo clown has saved many a rodeo rider from a bad bruising, if not worse.



of the Finals have come in bull riding. Among them was the opening performance Dec. 1, 1967, when 47-year-old Freckles Brown, the pride of Soper, Okla., drew the mighty Tornado. A lordly resident of Jim Shoulders' well-stocked bull pasture, Tornado was ten years old and weighed 1,700 pounds or more in peak condition.

A Braford—a cross between Brahma and Hereford—Tornado had never had a qualified ride. Which means no cowboy had stayed aboard eight seconds, before Freckles climbed over the boards of chute No. 2 and settled himself on the unriden Tornado.

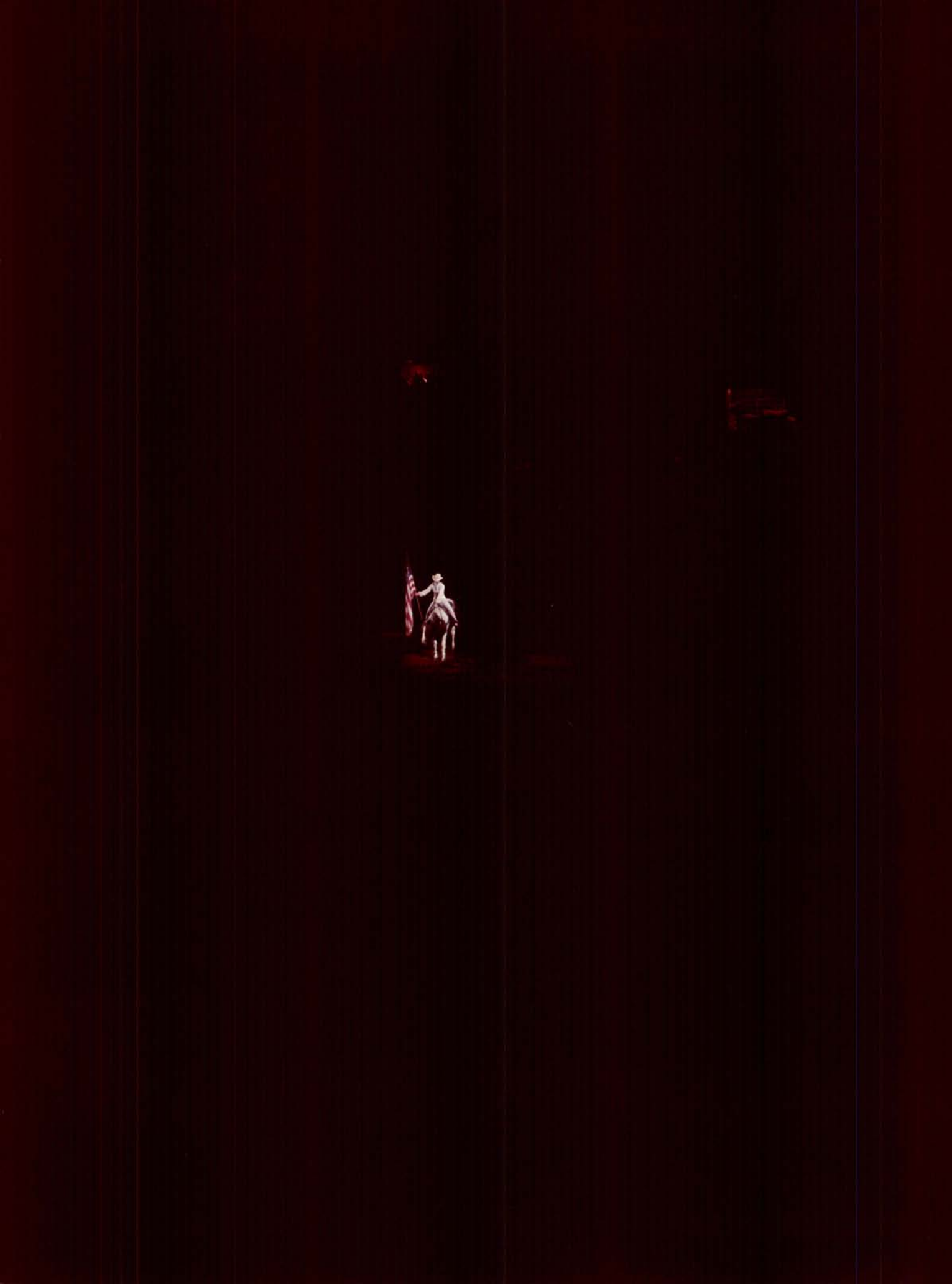
"I went to pullin' on my rope," Freckles later told Bob Colvin of the *Daily Oklahoman*, "and he just got hard as a rock, went to drawin' up like he was gonna run the 100-yard dash . . . He just drew up. His whole body got hard. He was lookin' for that gate to open, like I was."

When the gate swung open, Tornado took off as expected—high and far on the first jump and kicked hard, mighty hard. Then he whipped to the right. Freckles hung on. "I got over there to the right," Freckles said. "Maybe just a hair too far. I straightened up and he spun three or four times."

Then it happened — Tornado changed his pattern, the dread of all bull riders. He jumped ahead and back to his right. Just a few seconds to go now. "I just got behind him a little bit," Freckles said. "I threw my foot out there, got my head back in there and did all right."

Seven seconds gone now. "I just felt good. I got where I wanted to be and that's the first time I got just exactly where I wanted to be . . . I felt like I had him rode."

Freckles Brown never heard the whistle ending his historic ride. All he could hear was the screaming, hollering crowd. Shoulders was the first to congratulate him. Fittingly, that was the year Freckles won the NFR bull riding title.



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BILL BURCHARDT
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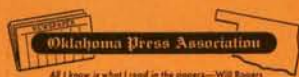
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